

REFUTED.
The Boston maiden is accused,
As all are well aware,
Of seeking for a higher sphere,
Where men are very rare.
Emancipation from the man,
Is what they want, 'tis said;
They'll brook no longer his control;
They don't wish to wed.
The falling chain of tyranny
That man has forged they'll break;
And to enfranchise womankind,
No husbands they will take.
To make these charges is not hard;
To prove them that's the rub;
For no true Boston girl would have
A home without the Hub.

A BATTLE IN A BATTLE.

Our battery had been doing splendid service.
From our position on the right we could see the shells drop into the woods and break up the formation of the confederate cavalry every time they left cover.
We knew where they were. Jeb Stuart's old troopers were there. Wade Hampton's dragons were there. Fitz Lee's hard fighters were there—Imboden, Ross, Mosby—every confederate cavalry command we had fought in Virginia was making ready in the shelter of the woods to charge on our left flank.
"Boom! boom! boom!"
The gunners knew what was at stake. The orders were to die at the guns if the position could not be held. For half an hour their bursting shells kept the front clear, and we of the cavalry cheered them.
"What's that?"
Out from the cover of the forest at half a dozen places galloped the gray troopers by hundreds. They wheel to the right and left, form in two lines, take their distance, close up with a trembling motion, and now there is a grand charge. The shells burst in front of them, over them, among them, but discipline is stronger than the fear of death.
Less than three hundred of us—all cavalry—to support the battery! If that mob of gray riders ever reaches the foot of the slope we shall be picked up and sent whirling like dry leaves in a hurricane. The fire of the six guns becomes more rapid—it is truly terrific; but in their haste the gunners do less execution.
"Left wheel—forward—half-right dress!"
Just 278 of us by actual count as we dress in two ranks. What are we going to do?
"Draw sabers—forward—trot—gallop—charge!"
They are driving us down at that body of men—ten times our number—30 broke and check the charge. If we can stop them for ten minutes the battery will be saved by the infantry. We bludge to the left as we go to close up. We are a living wedge, driving down, to enter a living mass and split it in twain.
Afraid? No! There is an exultation—a sort of drunkenness—about it which drowns all fear. It's taking awful chances—odds of a hundred to one—but there comes a species of insane delight when one figures such desperate odds. They are coming at a gallop—we are charging at full speed. Every carbine is slung to its owner's back; the sabre is to settle this. They are yelling as they come; we yell "yee-ha!" in reply.
Can the wedge enter? Is the impetus strong enough to break a way into the solid wall of living men and horses? I look along their line as the distance decreases with fearful rapidity, and I realize that the shock will be tremendous.
Here it comes! Brace for it! Shut your teeth hard—grip with your knees—mind your stirrups! Crash—smash—whirl—dust—smoke!
The wedge enters! The wedge drives ahead over fallen horses and dismounted riders—yelling, slashing, cutting—keeping its pace. A trooper slashes at me—a horse goes down in front of mine—I feel myself falling with my horse, and then I am out of the fight for a moment.
The darkness which enshrouded things passes away after a bit, and I find my horse lying across my feet, with the saddle flap so holding them that his dead body must be lifted up to get me clear.
The charge of the gray troopers was broken. That wedge drove right through the mass and turned to attack them in the rear. Swirling about in circles like the Vulture of War, the mass of men edged away until the field around me is clear of all but dead and wounded. I've got a sabre-cut on the shoulder, and can feel the warm blood bathing my arm, but I know I could walk away if I could get my feet clear. I am working to extricate them, when I hear hoof-beats behind me, and next moment a riderless horse dashes up and comes to a halt.
Ah! but how the glory of battle excites a horse! See how red his nostrils—how high his head—the glare in his eyes—the tail held out like a plume—the ears working and the legs dancing! He has not been hit, but he has left his rider dead back there in the stubble—a federal captain.
The horse stands pawing and snorting, when out from the whirl of death, half a mile away, breaks a chestnut charger and comes galloping down upon us. There is blood on the saddle-flaps—drops of blood on his shiny flanks. It is not his blood, but that of the confederate major who rode him, and who has been cut down by a stroke of the sabre.
It is gray vs. chestnut—federal vs. confederate. The newcomer is still a hundred feet away, when the gray horse rushes at him with ears laid back and mouth open, and as I watch them I forget that shells are screaming, bullets whistling and the sabre doing bloody work within sound of my voice. As the two horses come together they rear up, neigh defiance at each other, and a fight begins—a battle within a battle. Each seems imbued with a deadly hatred for the other, and to be determined to destroy his antagonist.
Now they rear up and strike viciously at each other.
Now they wheel as one and kick and utter shrill screams.
Now they bear off to the left—now to the right—now crash together and strike and bite as if possessed of the spirit of furies.
Of a sudden I realize that they are close upon me. In their mad fury they see neither dead nor wounded—hear not the shot and shout of battle.

The gray kicks a dead man aside as he backs up for a fresh effort; the chestnut tramples the life out of a wounded man as he dances about. They will be over me if I do not stop them! The heels of the gray are throwing dirt into my face as I unsling my carbine and rest it across my dead horse for a shot. I fire at the gray, as he is nearest and the greatest menace, but the bullet misses the target. At that moment they begin to work to the left, and in the next they are past me, leaping over dead horses and trampling on dead men as they scream and bite and kick.
Above the roar of battle I hear a rifle-shell coming. It gives out a growling, complaining sound which no man ever hears without a chill. The sound grows louder—deeper—crash! The horses were fifty feet away, and it must have struck one of them. There was a cloud of smoke—a whizzing of ragged fragments, and when I could see again both horses were down—torn and mangled and almost blotted off the face of the earth by the awful force of the explosion.—New York World.

DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE.

How a Washington Husband Gave his Wife a Lesson.

A certain woman of fashion conspicuous in Washington society, whose infirmity of temper has given rise to very interesting gossip occasionally, says the Philadelphia Press, figures in a quaint little story.
A short time ago she was entertaining at supper a lady of her acquaintance, when it chanced that there was placed upon the table a small pot of chocolate. The hostess of the occasion is very fond of the beverage in question, partaking of it every evening of her life. Unfortunately, the servant had neglected to make more than the usual quantity, which was just about sufficient for a single cup. Accordingly, when the guest was asked if she would have some, she hesitated a moment and said no. Whereupon her entertainer flushed with anger at the contumacious refusal, and rising from her seat, deliberately poured the contents of the chocolate pot out of the window.
This was embarrassing for the lady entertained, to say the least of it. Of course, however, she pretended to take no notice, merely glancing slyly at her host, who made the third person at the repast, to see if he evinced any consciousness respecting the proceeding. But he only smiled beneath his mustache and made no remark.
Presently he asked her if she would have some chicken salad, of which a big dish made the principal feature among the viands.
"I thank you, no," she replied, merely because she had a preference for something else.
Immediately, as if it were a matter of course, the host picked up the salad and threw it dish and all, out through the window into the garden.
"It's a way we have here," he remarked calmly.
Nobody said anything for quite five minutes afterward, but the extreme amiability exhibited by the hostess for the rest of the evening, led the visitor to imagine that the lesson thus given was not without a certain domestic usefulness.
A MENACE TO CHRISTENDOM.
The Governor of Amoy Points Out the Danger of Her Advancement.
A private letter from Amoy gave an extract from the speech which was delivered at a Fourth of July banquet at the American consulate by Tsin Chin Chung the governor of the province. Tsin Chin Chung's speech was a remarkable one in many ways, and it attracted attention in the foreign colony of Amoy as indicating the estimate of a clever man of China's relation to the rest of the world. Tsin Chin Chung was called upon to respond to the toast, "The Emperor of China." In part he said:
"It is difficult for a European to appreciate the breadth and depth of the meaning of this toast to the Chinese mind. It includes the family, language, race, nation and the crown. It includes literature, law, morals and a history of fifty centuries. China having followed its own principles of advancement during more than 5,000 years, is now compelled to change and move along European channels. It has begun to own steamships and railways. Its telegraph now covers every province. It has at last mills, forges and foundries like those of Essen, of Sheffield, and of Pittsburgh. China is to-day learning that lesson in education which Europe has obliged her to learn, the art of killing, the science of armies and navies. We, then, to the world if the scholar, profligate by her lesson, should apply it in turn. With its freedom from debt, its inexhaustible resources and its teeming millions, this empire might be the menace if not the destroyer of Christendom. No matter what happens, it needs no prophetic gift to know that the twentieth century will see at the forefront of the nations of the world China in the East and America in the West. Well may we pray that for the welfare of humanity their purposes will be as peaceful and upright as they are today."—New York Sun.

A CURIOUS CEREMONY.

ROYALTY WASHING THE FEET OF BEGGARS IN SPAIN.

A Bright American Young Lady's Experience—The Infanta's Plan—How He Appears—The Queen and the Court.
I recall a treat while we were in Madrid last spring, writes Kate Carl to the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche. On Holy Thursday of each year the regnant sovereign of Spain washes the feet of twelve beggars gathered from the streets in commemoration of our Lord's supper and the washing of the disciples' feet. This custom was begun in the thirteenth century by King Ferdinand, who was so pious that he was called St. Ferdinand, and it has been kept up to the present day. I was very anxious to see it, but was told on arrival in Madrid that it was next to impossible to get cards for it, but I got them through the American consul, who had been there two years and hadn't been able to see it. The ceremony began by a high mass in the Royal chapel, when the queen regnant, old Queen Isabella, all the royal infants and all the Spanish grandees took part in the mass, which was a most joyous affair. Grand orchestral music, myriads of candles, splendidly robed priests, gorgeously colored cardinals, all lending their quota to the brilliant scene. The chapel itself, glittering with gold and hung with splendid tapestries, was a fitting background to it.
After the mass the queen, the archbishop, priests and grandees, followed by the infantes and grandees, proceeded into the banquet hall where the twelve beggars were seated all on one side of the narrow table. The queen herself laid the table and served them all with meat and drink, afterward removing the dishes and food and tablecloth, all this in the most magnificent of toilets and fairly blazing with diamonds. All the splendidly attired infantes, gorgeously uniformed grandees, diplomatists, ambassadors and invited guests standing, while the beggars alone remained seated.
The performance is now merely a form, as the queen only goes through the semblance of washing their feet (their shoes not even being removed), and the beggars touch nothing to eat that the queen serves, but carry it off in great hamper to sell each for as much as \$200 or \$300.
After they are served the archbishop blesses each one of the beggars and gives him a purse of gold.
The beggars are chosen for their exemplary lives, being not taken by chance, and are brought to the palace early in the morning and washed, shaved and dressed in clean and whole clothes, and afterward given a bountiful meal in the servants' quarters. This accounts for their not eating when the queen serves them, though I suppose the poor creatures couldn't get down a mouthful with the queen and all the august assemblage standing and watching them. They are glad enough to be able to take away what the queen gives them (the richest delicacies, such as are prepared for the royal table, with fine wines), to sell to the highest bidder on leaving the palace. The purse each receives contains \$100.
The palace itself we couldn't have seen if we hadn't seen this. The dressing and jewels were perfectly magnificent. The queen wore many diamonds, but the other ladies, the Infantes, were all sorts of precious stones. One had a diadem of emeralds that were worth a queen's ransom. The queen regent is an Austrian, and one would understand what a display there must have been who had seen the gems at Vienna.
The little king and his sisters, the young Infantes, were not present at the ceremony, as they avoid as much as possible all excitement for the young people, and their only outings are drives in the parks and rambles in the royal gardens. The little king, who is a jolly-looking little fellow, with blonde curls and blue eyes, smiles at any one who bows to him, as do his sisters when they are out driving. He looks rather delicate, unfortunately, the poor little man.
To Straighten the Shoulders.
A contemporary says that those who have round shoulders may make them selves shapely and healthy if they will bestow a little trouble and perseverance on the process. This consists in going through the simple and easily performed process of raising one's self upon the toes leisurely a perpendicular position several times a day. A perfectly upright position must be taken, with the heels together and the toes at an angle of forty-five degrees. The arms must be dropped lifelessly by the side, perfectly relaxed; the chest must be raised to its full muscular capacity, and the chin will be drawn in. The further instructions are to slowly rise up on the balls of the feet to the greatest possible height, thereby exercising all the muscles of the legs and the body; then to come into a standing position without swaying the body backward out of the perfect line. Repeat this exercise persistently, and good effects will soon be noticed.—Courier Journal.

us. Say, should such a shapely cash shabby stitches show? Strange strategic statistics. Give Grimes Jim's girl gig whip. Sarah in a shawl showed soft snow softly. She sells sun shells. A cup of coffee in a copper coffee-pot. Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.—Saturday Evening Post.
THE GIANTS OF CANARIES.
A Race of Men Who Were Physically and Morally Our Superiors.
The Guanches, the inhabitants of the Canary Islands, are said to be the remnants of the ancient race, says the Cornhill Magazine, who 10,000 years ago, peopled the drowned continent of Atlantis. They are reported to have been strong and handsome, and of extraordinary agility of movement, of remarkable courage and of loyal disposition; but they showed the credulity of children and the simple directness of shepherds. So tall were they that the Spaniards speak of them as giants, and their strength and endurance were so great that they were conquered by strategem, but not force. They ran as fast as horses, and could leap over a pole held between two men five or six feet high; they could climb the highest mountains and jump the deepest ravines.
Their endurance as swimmers was so great that they were accustomed to swim across the nine mile strait between the Lancerote and Graciosa; having no boats, their method of fishing was to strike the fish with sticks or catch them in their hands while swimming. Their skulls which are preserved in the museums of the island, and of which I took photographs, show marked cerebral development, the frontal and parietal bones being well developed and the facial angle good. In the early days of the conquest, before rapine and murder had done their vile work, the Guanches are spoken of as being musical and fond of dancing and singing.
Though so strong physically, the Guanches were nevertheless a very gentle race; they rarely made war on one another, and when the Europeans fell into their hands they did not kill them, but sent them to tend sheep in the mountains. So tame were the birds in this happy land that when the Spaniards first landed they came and fed out of their hands. To kill an animal degraded a man; the butcher was a reviled criminal and an outcast, and lived apart, and his assistants being supported by the state. No woman was allowed to approach the shambles, and in such horror was killing held by these giant people that no man could be ennobled until he had publicly declared that he had not been guilty of killing any animal, not ever a goat.
Their standard of morality was high; they were monogamists, and adultery was punished by imprisonment and death; robbery was almost unknown among them, and drunkenness not yet invented. The Guanches were bound by law to treat women with the greatest respect, and a man was obliged to make way for every woman he met walking, to bear her burdens, and deferentially to escort her home should she wish it. If a Guanche was ennobled for any great deed the people were assembled on the occasion, and among the questions asked to which a negative answer must be given before the patent of nobility was granted, was "Has he been disrespectful to women?" The women are not celebrated as having been beautiful, but they were almost as agile and strong as the men. Even in war the women and children were protected, and pillage was forbidden.
A BRIDE WHO COULD ACT.
Ruse of a Young Married Woman Who Wasn't Ready for Company.
Very daring was the performance of a young housekeeper in a little Ohio town. She had just come, a bride and a stranger, among these people. She was ambitious and quick witted, and her household goods had only just been thrown upon the floor. There came a ring at her door. She thought it was the truckman, and she hastened to open it. Before her stood a woman, whose face she had pointed out to her the day before as the society leader in the little town, a woman, also, of sharp eyes and sharper tongue. She was elegantly dressed, says the New York Sun, and evidently came to make her first call at the time most auspicious for observations.
The young mistress had her head tied up in a big cloth; she wore a dressing jacket and a dusty dress skirt, partly covered with a gingham apron. In her hand she held a whisk broom.
"Is Mrs. Smith at home?" asked the dainty lady, card in hand.
Now the newcomer had been the best amateur actress in the city where she had lived, and she had not played the part of the singing chambermaid, who whisks the feather duster about competitively in their all for nothing, "No, mem," she said, in the sweetest Irish brogue you ever heard; no, mem, she had to go up to Pittsburg for a day or two. She'll be back the last of the week, mem.
And the baffled society leader went back to her carriage.
Two weeks later she sat in the perfectly appointed little parlor in the new house, chatting with the stately, well-poised young mistress. "What a pretty maid you had when I first called!" she said. "Is she still with you?"
"Oh," answered the other, her eyes sparkling, "that was my mother's little Nora. She came down to help me settle, but she went back last week to Pittsburg. She's a treasure, but she's mother's."
Snoring Out of Key.
"You will have to give me another room, I guess," said a congressman to a Boston hotel clerk. "What's the matter, aren't you comfortable where you are?"
"Well, not exactly. The German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarinet so that I thought I would never go to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding at my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'Of you please,' said the German, 'dot you would schmore of der same key. You was go from B flat to G, and it spoils der moodie.'"
Bitter Experience.
"Harkins has written a book of etiquette. What does he know about the usages of polite society?"
"He knows what has kept him out of it."—Puck.

THE VASSAR HAMMER.

Women May Use It on Ledges Worth Examination.
One of the most famous mineralogical cabinets in the country is that of Mrs. Erminie Smith, of Jersey City, and there Miss Anna Meeker has made for herself and by herself, to show what women can do in that direction. The excursions of the New York Mineralogical Club and the mineralogical department of the Brooklyn Institute to localities of interest in the neighborhood of the metropolis are always accompanied by wives, sisters, daughters, cousins and aunts of the members who not infrequently form a majority of the party; and they climb the ledges as quickly and go to them with hammers as vigorously as the men.
The pursuit of minerals, if it is fair to talk of pursuing things that have not the remotest notion of running away, has every bit the fascination of botanical research, and the surprises are even livelier. It is, of course, delightful to run to earth and then to pull out of it the flower or weed or fern that you have been wanting for the last month to get hold of; but think of the pleasure there is in tapping a surface of dirty rock, or seeing it crack and splinter—there is a dusty fall, a hasty gathering up of skirts and a stepping aside to avoid the descending mass, and there in the newly exposed face of stone is a "pocket" of glittering crystals, shining in the sun like diamonds or stained by metallic oxides with beautiful reds, browns and yellows. Next to finding money or continents there is no pleasure of discovery that is keener.
The common objection raised by most of those who would like to engage in this employment is that they "know nothing about minerals." But that is the way to learn—to take a basket and hammer and break minerals and look at them. An hour of that practice is better than a week with text books. The outfit is slight enough—a basket or satchel, several squares of paper or small grocery bags for wrapping the specimens, a note book and a pencil for jotting down names and localities and a small hammer.
There is a hammer commonly known as the Vassar, because it is alleged that it was designed for use by the students of Vassar college, that is just the thing. It is light but strong, with a breaking surface at one end and a chipping edge at the other. The whole equipment need not weigh over two or three pounds, and if a party is organized it can be less for each member, as one may carry a heavy hammer, a second a light one, a third a chisel, a fourth wrapping paper, a fifth acids for testing, and so on, while the inevitable photographer, if he or she chooses to go along, will find new poses and subjects plenty.
A MINE OF HONEY.
Blasting With Giant Powder and Securing Several Hundred Pounds.
Down at Temescal, San Bernardino county, Cal., near the famous San Jacinto tin mine, there is a veritable mine of honey. There is a large force of men employed at the tin mine and they put in their idle time in prospecting in the hills in the vicinity. One Sunday half a dozen of the miners applied to Col. Robinson, the superintendent for the privilege of using some giant powder and a few tools. He asked what they wanted to do and they replied that they had found a honey mine and proposed to tap it. Laughing, he gave his consent and an order on the storekeeper for the desired articles, and with a supply of pails and tubs the men set out on their expedition.
They were gone all day and along toward sundown a sorry-looking procession came over the hill and made its way to the employees' headquarters. They had tapped the mine, there could be no question about that. Their clothes were liberally plastered with a mixture of honey and mud; there was honey everywhere. But the tubs and buckets were full of honey as well, for a rich lead had indeed been struck.
The men, it appeared, had found a crevice in the rocks whence issued a constant stream of bees, and from this they judged that there must be a large quantity of honey in the recesses of the cliff. The opening used by the bees was too small to admit of the passage of a human being, and after carefully examining the place a tunnel was commenced a little way from the entrance, and after that had been run the right distance an upraise was put in, which by good luck struck the ledge of honey in its center. After a hot contest with the bees several hundred pounds of comb honey were taken out and the tunnel was then closed up. Several times since additional supplies of the sweet material have been taken from the cave.—Chicago News.

UP IN HEAVEN.

The Strange, Weird Story of the Death of a Little Girl.
A very strange and weird story comes from San Jose, California. A Mrs. Williams residing there relates the following about one of her children: "Daisy, my thirteen-year old daughter, died. She called us all to her bedside, and one by one bid us all good-bye, and then she fell back and died. Neighbors came in and all pronounced her dead. She was cold as ice, her eyes were glassy, her limbs perfectly stiff, and the usual deathly pallor covered her features. She ceased to breathe and her pulse quit beating.
"She had been dead one-half hour," continued her mother, "when suddenly she opened her eyes and looked about the room smiling, and seeing her little sister, she said: 'Maudie, I have come back to stay a little while.'"
Here the father took up the narrative, cautioning your reporter, however, to make no mistake, saying: "I want you to give just the same words she used, and you must not change them, for I fear some great calamity would happen to us if you did."
"She then turned over in bed," continued Mr. Williams, "and slept till night. At about nine o'clock in the evening she awoke, sat up in the bed, and said: 'Mamma, I was dead, and have been in heaven. I saw my little sister Anna there. She was singing and was just as happy as she could be, and when she saw me she flew to me and took me to Jesus.'
"Her mother asked her where Jesus was and how he looked. "Oh, mamma, Jesus has feet and hands, and looks like any other man. I saw God near Jesus, and He was like a man, too. Jesus took sister and me by the hand and showed us all through heaven."
"I can't begin to tell you all I saw in heaven. There were thousands and thousands of angels flying all around me, and soon I met grandma, who is an angel now, and she kissed me many times. I saw my uncle, too, and I knew him as soon as I saw him."
Mr. Williams says she has never seen him on earth, neither had he ever described him to her, but he declared that she pictured him as exactly as any one could by looking at him.
"I saw Ethel Brown and had forgotten all about her until I saw her. Then I remembered how we used to play and go to school together at Dorland. I saw millions and millions of people in heaven, but did not see many that I knew. Then Jesus took me by the hand and led me to where I could look down into hell. It seemed to me that there were a great many people in hell, but I saw only one there that I knew."
Daisy told me the name of the woman she saw, but Mrs. Williams said she would rather not give the name, as the woman had died a drunkard's death.
Mr. Williams said he told Daisy that she was surely mistaken, but Daisy was positive about the matter.
She also said: "I saw her, and I know it was she. Oh, mamma, it's an awful place. Satan himself was there, and called so loud that all the hollow depths of hell resounded. I tell you I'm not going to go to hell; I'm going to go to heaven. Jesus told me I could now go back and tell my folks and everybody I saw what I had seen, and if they did not believe me He would send down my little sister Anna, and if they did not believe her He would come Himself."
"Papa, do you believe what I have said? Well, papa, if you do and also do not swear any more the Saviour says you could come to heaven, too."
Such are the wonderful words that Daisy said when she recovered consciousness, and they were repeated again and again before several witnesses. She lingered along for a month and it seemed at one time that she would recover, but she died recently and was buried in Oak Hill cemetery. All her relatives and many living in the neighborhood believe that she actually was dead and came to life again.—Arkansas Traveler.

The Arizona Cattle Co.,

Range, San Francisco Mountains.

BRAND:



For marks, slit in each ear; horses and mules all right; increase A on left shoulder. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Ariz. JOHN V. BROWNE, General Manager.

Horses with this brand are the property of the undersigned.

Range, San Francisco Mountains.

P. O. address, Chandler, Ariz. PHILIP BELL.

McMILLAN & GOODWIN.



T brand on right side of nose. Ewes, crop in right and split in each ear; wethers, crop in left and split in each ear. Range, three miles north of Flagstaff. P. O. address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Horses and mules branded as above on the left thigh belong to the undersigned.

Range on Stone-man's Lake and Mogollon mountains.

Range, Verde, Ariz.

ARIZONA LUMBER CO.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Range, San Francisco Mountains.

Range, Verde, Ariz.

Horses, mules and cattle branded as in cut.

Cattle numbered consecutively on left cheek.

BRANNEN, FINNIE & BRANNEN.

Cattle branded as in cut on left side, underdevelop in both ears, develop cut upwards.

Range, Mogollon mountains, Flagstaff.

WM. POWELL.

For marks, swell in left and swallow fork in right.

Post office address, Flagstaff, Yavapai Co., Arizona.

Other cattle brands.

All increase branded into BB.

Horses branded on the left shoulder.

Range from Ash creek to the summit of the Mogollon mountains.

JAS. L. BLACK.

Postoffice, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Range, eight and one-half miles southwest of Flagstaff.

Cattle are branded as in cut; ear marks, underbit in each ear also own the following: Root, T, H, anywhere on the side of animal. Root cattle, root brand W on right side; 2 cattle, one on right side; horse brand, C. O.

JAS. A. VAIL.

Range eight miles southeast of Flagstaff, Yavapai county.

Cattle branded J V on left ribs; ear marks, square cut on right ear, over slope on left ear.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

HARRY FULTON.



Horses and mule brand on left hip as shown in cut. Sheep: ewes, hole in left ear and split in the right; wethers, reverse that; wethers, range brand F on horn. Range near Mormon Lake, Mogollon Mountains. Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Ariz. T. Range, San Francisco mountains.

All cattle branded as in cut are the property of the undersigned, and also all cattle branded with bar H.

GROSVAR W. ELICK.

Cattle bearing brand as in cut and swallow fork in mouth ear be long to the undersigned.

Range, San Francisco mountains.

Postoffice, Flagstaff, Ariz. G. D. PRIMA.

Postoffice address, Flagstaff, Ariz. J. T. Range, San Francisco mountains.

All cattle branded as in cut are the property of the undersigned, and also all cattle branded with bar H.

GROSVAR W. ELICK.